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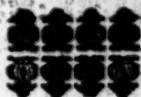
The
FAITHFULL
SHEPHERDESSE.

Acted at
SOMERSET-HOUSE,
Before the KING and QUEEN on
Twelfth Night, 1633.

And divers times since, with great
Applause, at the Private House in
Black-Friers, by his Majesties
Servants.

Written by JOHN FLETCHER.

The Fifth Edition.



LONDON,

Printed for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle
Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1665.



March 3, 1663.

Licensed,

Roger L. Strange.



*To my Friend Mr. John Fletcher upon his
Faithful-Shepherdes.*

I Know too well, that, no more then the man
That travels through the burning Desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find;
Ere he be slack'd; no more can he, whose mind
Joyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own,
Why should the man, whose wit ne're had a stain,
Upon the publick Stage present his vain,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the Laws
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicite faith.
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black:
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like as he does in the fairest sute;
He as his Mistres doth, and she by chance:
Nor wants there those, who, as the Boy doth dance
Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
Some, if the Wax-lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong, according to the Actors cloaths.
For this, these publick things and I agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perswaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill spoken Lines, into the world,

Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
 Whose very reading makes Verse senseless Prose:
 Such as must spend above an hour to spell
 A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
 But since it was thy hap to throw away
 Much wit, for which the people did not pay.
 Because they saw it not, I not dislike
 This second publication, which may strike
 Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
 To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
 Besides, one vantage more in this I see,
 Your censurers now must have the quality
 Of reading, which I am afraid is more
 Than half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To my Loved Friend Mr John Fletcher,
 on his Pastoral.

CAn my approvment (Sir) be worth your thanks?
 Whose unknown name and Muse (in swathing clouts)
 Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
 To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts
 Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
 All innocent Verse that lets alone her vice?

But I must justify what privately
 I censur'd to you: my ambition is
 (Even by my hopes and love to Poesie)
 To live to perfect such a work as this,
 Clad in such elegant propriety
 Of words including a morality.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that hears,
 (And Learning has enough to clap and hiss)
 Arrives not to't; so misty it appears,
 And to their filmed reasons so amiss:
 But let Art look in truth, she, like a mirror,
 Reflects her consort, Ignorances terror.

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
Of her unnatural complexion,
As ugly women (when they are arraid
By glasses) loath their true reflection?
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their own deformity?

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
And (once) I fear'd her, till I met a mind
Whose grave Instructions Philosophical
Toss'd is like dust upon a March strong wind:
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soul (and such commend this) that commands
Such Art, it should me better satisfy,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands,
And drown'd the Scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, let their own names to clear 'em,
Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.

Nath. Field.

To the Worthy Author, M JO. FLETCHER.

THE wise, and many headed Bench, that sits
Upon the Life and Death of Plays and Wits,
(Compos'd of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's man,
Lady, or Pupil, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or Taffana Cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shops Foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his six-pence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play, and more.
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy Innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses bloud were spilt
In such a Martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered Poem: which shall rise.
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or Moths shall eat, what all these Fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

To his loving Friend, M^r JO. FLETCHER.

THere are no sureties (good friend) will be taken
For works that vulgar-good-name hath forsaken,
A Poem and a Play too! why 'tis like
A Scholar that's a Poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill out-right: one cannot both fates bear.
But, as a Poet that's no Scholar, makes
Vulgarity his Whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease and state through both sides praise
Of pageant-seers: or as scholars please
That are no Poets, more then Poets learn'd,
Since their Art solely is by souls discern'd,
The others fall within the common sense,
And sheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your Play no Poem, but a thing
That every Cobler to his Patch might sing,
A rout of nisses (like the multitude)
With no one Limb of any Art endu'd,
Like would to like, and praise you: but because,
Your Poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy Laws of homely Pastoral,
Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs, and femy-gods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes;
Where forrests flourish but in endless Verse,
And Meadows, nothing fit for purchasers,
This Iron Age that eats it self, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others, ever
Lov'd as it self: then like your Book do you
Live in old Peace: and that far praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.



Unto his worthy Friend, M^r JOSEPH TAYLOR,
upon his Presentment of the Faithful Shepherdess
before the King and Queen, at White-hall,
on Twelfth night.

WHEN this smooth Pastoral was first brought forth,
The Age 'twas born in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame, and new birth achiev'd.
Happy in that she found in her distress,
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess.
For having cur'd her from her counterfeits,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and mad'st her be
A fitting Spectacle for Majesty.
So have I seen a clouded beauty, dress'd
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pomp, than thine own action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this Ile prophesie, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of *Elysium*
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous Actors, and quick Dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,
The blessed Consort of that numerous Train,
Shall rise with an applause, and entertain
Thy happy welcom, causing thee sit down,
And with a Lawrel-wreath thy temples crown.
And mean time, while this Poem shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eterniz'd.
For it is just, that thou, who first didst give
Unto this Book a life, by it should'st live.

SHACK. MARMYON.

This Dialogue newly added, was
spoken by way of Prologue to both
their Majesties at the first Acting of
this Pastoral at Somerset-house
on Twelfth-night, 1633.

Priest.

A Breyling Lamb on Pans chief Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Censer, Virge, and Incense by:
But I delay'd the precious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a gentle Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatening shaft from vext Diana's Bow,
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Bless then that Queen, that doth his eyes invite,
And ears, t' obey her Scepter, half this night,

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway
Seem easie to Him, though it last till day.


Welcome as Peace t' unwall'd Cities, when
Famine and Sword leave them more graves than men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-daies Sun to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold.
As Shore to th' Pilot in a safe known Coast
When's Card is broken, and his Rudder lost.

The

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESSE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

*Enter Clorin a Shepherdess, having buried her
Love in an Arbour.*

 Ail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
the truest man that ever fed his flocks
by the fat plains of fruitful *Thessaly*.
Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
my early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
to thy still loved ashes ; thus I free
my self from all ensuing heats and fires
of love : all sports, delights, and jolly games
that Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
with youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
no more the company of fresh fair maids,
and wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
under some shady dell, when the cool wind
playes on the leaves : all be far away,
since thou art far away ; by whose dear side
how often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
for *summer's Queen*, whilst every Shepherd's boy
puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
and hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
and all are dead but thy dear memory ;
that shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring,
whilst there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.

B

And

The faithful Shepherdes.

And here will I in honour of thy love,
 dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joyes
 that former times made precious to mine eyes,
 onely remembring what my youth did gain
 in the dark, hidden vertuous use of herbs :
 that will I practise, and as freely give
 all my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
 Of all green wounds I know the Remedies
 in men or cattel, be they stung with Snakes,
 or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
 or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat
 grown wilde or lunatick, their eyes or ears
 thickned with misty film of dulling Rheume,
 these I can cure, such secret vertue lies
 in Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand :
 my meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
 berries, and chefnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
 the Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
 pull'd from the fair heap of the straight grown pine,
 on these Ile feed with free content, and rest,
 when night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Saty. Through yon same bending plain
 That flings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods have I run,
 Whose bottom never kist the Sun
 Since the lusty Spring began,
 All to please my master *Pan*,
 Have I trotted without rest
 To get him fruit ; for at a feast
 He entertains this coming night
 His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright :
 But behold a fairer sight !
 By that heavenly form of thine,
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the Gods : for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty,

He stands amazed.

The

Then dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live : therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity ;
Deign it, Goddess, from my hand,
To receive what ere this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits : and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tels,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day nere grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of *Bacchus*; nuts more brown
Then the Squirrels teeth that crack them ;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black ey'd *Driops*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime ;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a *Queen*,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong :
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad Beeches shade :
I must go, I must run
Swifter, then the fiery Sun.

B 2

Exit.
Clo.

4. *The faithful Shepherdess.*

Clorin. And all my fears go with thee:
 What greatness, or what private hidden power,
 is there in me to draw submission
 from this rude man and beast? sure I am mortahed
 the daughter of a Shepherd; he was mortal;
 and she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
 and it will bleed: a fever shakes me,
 and the self same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
 makes me acold: my fear says I am mortal:
 yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
 and now I do believe it, if I keep
 my virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 no Goblin, wood-god, fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
 shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 draw me to wander after idle fires,
 or voyces calling me in dead of night,
 to make me follow, and so take me on
 through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine:
 else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
 are rougher then himself, and more mishapen,
 thus mildly kneel to me? sure there is a power
 in that great name of virgin, that binds fast
 all rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 that break their confines: then strong chastity,
 be thou my strongest guard; for here I dwell
 in opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, with four couple of

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
 in honour of our great god, and his rights
 perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
 and uncorrupted fires: that as the priest
 with powerful hand shall sprinkle on your Brows
 his pure and holy water, ye may be
 from all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
 Kneel, Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,

what

whatsoever this great day,
or the past hours gave not good,
to corrupt your mayden blood:
from the high rebellious heat
of the grapes, and strength of meat;
from the wanton quick desires
they do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water,
be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your liver and your veins
thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lussful heat
through your purged conduits beat,
or a plighted troth be broken,
or a wanton verse be spoken
in a Shepherdesses ear;
go your ways, ye are all clear.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

*Sing his praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan the Father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the musick with her sound.*

*Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.*

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay gentle *Amoret*, thou fair brow'd maid,
thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee deer,

equal:

equal with his souls good.

Amo. Speak, I give thee freedom, Shepherd, and thy tongue be still the same it ever was; as free from ill, as he whose conversation never knew the Court or City: be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection, or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires, first let our great God cease to keep my flocks, that being left alone without a guard, the wolf, or winters rage, Summers great heat, and want of water, rots, or what to us of ill is yet unknown, full speedily, and in their general ruine let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle Shepherd, wish not so, I do believe thee: tis as hard for me to think thee false, and harder than for thee to hold me foul.

Peri. O you are fairer far then the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star that guides the wandering Seaman thorow the deep, straighter than straightest pine upon the steep head of an aged mountain, and more white than the new milk we strip before day light from the full freighted bags of our fair flocks: your hair more beautilous than those hanging locks of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd be not lost, y^ere said too far already from the coast of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once I should not love alone, I should not lose those many passions, vows, and holy oaths, I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand, even that fair hand in hostage? do not then give back again those sweets to other men, your your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maydens modesty may give assurance, I am once more thine, once more I give my hand; be ever free from that great foe to Faith, foul Jealousie.

Peri-

Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
for stronger confirmation of our love,
to meet this happy night in that fair grove,
where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
for their long service : say, sweet, shall it hold ?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
a doubt of what the silent night may doe,
coupled with this days heat to move your blood :
maids must be fearful ; sure you have not been
wash'd white enough : for yet I see a stain
stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
my self and my affections are as pure
as those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
of the great *Dian* : only my intent
to draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
with interchange of mutual chaste imbraces,
and ceremonious tying of our selves :
for to that holy wood is consecrate
a vertuous Well, about whose flowry banks
the nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds
by the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
their stolen children, so to make them free
from dying flesh, and dull mortality ;
by this fair fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
and given away his freedom, many a troth
been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
in hope of coming happiness ; by this
fresh Fountain many a blushing maid
hath crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd
with gaudy flowers, whilest he happy sung
Layes of his love and dear captivity ;
there grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames
our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
and quenching by their power those hidden sparks
that else would break out, and provoke our sense
to open fires, so vertuous is that place :
then, gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant ;
in troth it fits not with that face to scant

your

your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires
he ever aym'd at, and ———

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd ; farewel ; this coming night
shall crown thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good
thou hast given thy poor Shepherd : fairest bud
of mayden vertues, when I leave to be
the true admirer of thy chastity,
let me deserve the hot polluted name
of the wild woodman, or affect some dame,
whose often prostitution hath begot
more foul diseases, then ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
and deadly vapour from his angry breath,
filling the lower world with plague and death.

Exit Amo.

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd
what I shall blushing tell ?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
and would be gladder to be lov'd again,
then the cold earth is in his frozen arms
to clip the wanton spring : nay doe not start,
nor wonder that I woe thee ! thou that art
the prime of our young grooms ; even the top
of all our lusty Shepherds : what dull eye
that never was acquainted with desire,
hath seen thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone
with nimble strength and fair delivery,
and hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins ;
who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
that freedom back was lent unto thy voice ?
Then do not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
one to be numbred in this company,
since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair Shepherdesse, much pity I can lend

to your complaints I but sure I shall not love :
all that is mine, my self and my best hopes,
are given already : do not love him then
that cannot love again : on other men
bestow those heats more free, that may return
you fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
for my affection, most unkind of men ?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
to give another nature to my cheeks,
or were I common Mistress to the love
of every Swain, or could I with such ease
call back my love as many a wanton doth,
thou mightst refuse me, Shepherd ; but to thee
I am only fixt and set ; let it not be
a sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
the love of silly maid.

Peri. Fair soul, ye use
these words to little end : for know, I may
better call back that time ~~was yesterday~~,
or stay the coming night, then bring my love
home to my self again, or recreate prove.
I will no longer hold you with delay :
this present night I have appointed been
to meet that chaste fair (that in joys my soul)
in yonder Grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again
these neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
fresher and freer ~~far~~ than I ere was,
bestow that love on them, and let me pass,
Farewel, be happy in a better choice.

Amaril. Cruel, thou hast struck me dead with thy voice,
then if the angry heavens with their quick flames
had shot me through : I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee, boy,
though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
be infinite : There is a Shepherd dwells
down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
more fullen discontent then ~~Satan's~~ brow,
when he sits frowning on the births of men :

One, that doth wear himself away in loneness,
 and never joys, unless it be in breaking
 the holy plighted troths of mutual soules:
 one that lusts after every several beauty;
 but never yet was known to love or like
 were the face fairer, or more full of truth,
 then *Phoebe* in her fulness, or the youth
 of smooth *Lyons*; whose nigh starved flocks
 are always scabby, and infect all sheep
 they feed withal; whose lambs are ever lost,
 and die before their weaning; and whose dog
 looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,
 not caring for the pipe or whistle: this man may
 (if he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
 forcing me passage to my long desires:
 and here he comes, as fity to my purpose,
 as my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
 thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
 my love (that ever working passion) drew
 me to this place to seek some remedy
 for my sick soul: be not unkind and fair,
 for such the mighty *Cupid* in his docta
 hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
 to my consuming fires, that so I may
 enjoy my long desires, and so allay
 those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound,
 as thy words seem to be, means might be found
 to cure thee of thy long pains: for to me
 that heavie youth-consuming misery
 the love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing,
 I could be well content with the quick easing
 of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
 thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Sull. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
 be compass'd by the wit or Art of man,
 and if I fail in my performance, may
 I never more kneel to the rising day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd; this same night
 that

that now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
have promis'd equal love, and do appoint
to make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
are to be ty'd for ever : break their meeting,
and their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sall. Tell me their names, and if I do not move
(by my great power) the center of their love
from his fixt being, let me never more
warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.

Amer. Come, as we go, He tell thee what they are,
and give thee fit directions for thy work. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
after this holy feast I pass unknown
and unsaluted ? 'twas not wont to be
thus frozen with the younger company
of jolly Shepherds : 'twas not when held good,
for lutt'ry grooms to mix their quicker blood
with that dull humour, most unfit to be
the friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
or else not free enough, or from my fold
drive not a flock sufficient great, to gain
the greedy eye of wealth-alluring swain :
Yet if I may believe what others say,
my face has soyl enough, nor can they say
justly too strict a coyness to my charge ;
my flocks are many, and the downs as large
they feed upon : then let it ever be
their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
makes me complain.

Enter Thome.

The. Was ever man but I
thus truly taken with uncertainty ?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
made up in constancy, and dares not find
his love rewarded ? Here let all men know
a wretch that lives to love his Mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay ; where hast thou been ?
or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green
as any, air likewise as fresh and sweet.

as where smooth *Zephyrus* plays on the fleet
face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
as the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
arbours ore-grown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
or gather rushes to make many a ring
for thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
how the pale *Phaë* hunting in a Grove,
first saw the boy *Endymion*, from whose eyes
she took eternal fire that never dyes;
how she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
his temples bound with poppy, to the steep
head of old *Larissa*, where she stoops each night,
gilding the mountain with her brothers light,
to kiss her sweetest. *The.* Far from me are these
hot flashes bred, from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
to the soft ear of Maids, are strange to me;
onely I live to admire a chastity,
that neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
could ever break upon, to fure the mold
Is that her mind was cast in; tis to her
I only am reserv'd, she is my form I fur
by, breath and move, tis she, and onely she
can make me happy, or give misery.

Cla. Good Shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
to whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her vertue learn to square
and level out your life: for to be fair,
and nothing vertuous, only fits the eye
of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, thers call'd the virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
and now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
she hath vow'd her self into the holy roll
of strict virginity; tis her I do admire,
not any looser blood or new desire.

Cla. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend, you art

I must

I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
to some free action: give me him dare love
at first encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The Song.

Come, Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.

Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnia.

Here comes another: better be my speed,
thou god of blood. But certain, if I read
not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
that onely dare salute. but nere could be
brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
we all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
and could be well content to covet graces,
were they not got by boldness; in this thing
my hopes are frozen; and but fate doth bring
him hither, I would sooner choole
a man made out of snow, and freer use
an eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,
thus I attempt him. Thou, of men most dear,
welcome to her, that onely for thy sake
hath been content to live: here boldly take
my hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
was given away to any; and but sit
down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
fresh blossomes from the boughs, or quickly cull
the

the choicest delicates from yonder mead,
to make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
under our fainting bodies, when delight
shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory
he lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
of willing *Venus*! me thinks stronger charms
dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
more sweetness than the painters can allow
to their best pieces: not *Narcissus*, he
that wept himself away in memory
of his own beauty, nor *Silvanus* boy,
nor the twice ravisht maid, for whom old *Troy*
fell by the hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
be otherwise compar'd, then some dead tree
to a young fruitful olive. *Daph.* I can love,
but I am loath to say so, lest I prove
too soon unhappy.

Clea. Happy thou wouldst say.

My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not; if the day
to thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
to all the world; shepherd, I'll meet thee then,
when darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
in yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashful, be more bold,
and tell me I. *Daph.* I am content to say so,
and would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Clea. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu:

yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
to come this night, fear not to meet alone
that man that will not offer to be ill,
though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
of this worlds goodness: do not fear him then,
but keep your pointed time; let other men
set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
fair as the soul it carries, and unchast never.

Exit.

Clea. Yet

Clot. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things
whose veins like a dull river far from springs,
is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
for stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
with their continual power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have been brides,
and tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
and far more heavy be thy grief and time,
thou lazy swain, that maist relieve my needs,
then his, upon whose liver alwaies feeds
a hungry vulture.

Enter Alexia.

Alex. Can such beauty be
safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
the better part contemplates, giving rein
and wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
the cause of your retirement, why ye go
thus all alone? me thinks the downs are sweeter,
and the young company of swaines far meeter,
then those forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those graces
hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
to live amongst us swains.

Clot. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my life I have not seen
a man in whom greater contents have been,
then thou thy self art: I could tell thee more,
were there but any hope left to restore
my freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
thou shamefast morning, when from *Titans* bed
thou risest ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her tongue,
my better angel; force my name among
her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—

Clot. *Alexia*, when the sun shall kiss the sea,

taking

taking his rest by the white *Thewis* side,
meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
thy coming, Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
an everlasting dunness, and the wind,
that as he passeth by shuts up the stream
of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilest the Sun's hot beam
beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
to coldness more than ice: oh how I burn
and rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Clos. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou day.

Exit.

Clos. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
he that will use all winds, must shift his sail. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

*Enter an old Shepherd with a bell ringing, and
the Priest of Pan following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
fold your flocks up, for the Air
gins to thicken, and the Sun
already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
every little flower that is:
hanging on their velvet heads,
like a rope of chrystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
and bright *Hesperus* down calling
the dead night from under ground,
at whose rising mists unsound,
damps, and vapours fly apace,
hovering o're the wanton face
of these pastures, where they come,
striking dead both bud and bloom;
therefore from such danger lock
every one his loved flock;
and let your dogs lie loose without,
lest the Wolf come as a scout
from the mountain, and ere day

bear

bear a Lamb or Kid away;
 or the crafty thievish Fox
 break upon your simple flocks:
 to secure your selves from these,
 be not too secure in ease;
 let one eye his watches keep,
 whilst the t'other eye doth sleep;
 so you shall good Shepherds prove,
 and for ever hold the love
 of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
 and soft silence fall in numbers
 on your eye-lids: so farewell;
 thus I end my evenings knell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Clorin the Shepherdess, sorting of herbs,
 and telling the names of them.*

Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
 helpt by the power of the vertuous Moon
 in her full light. O you sons of Earth,
 you onely brood, unto whose happy birth
 vertue was given, holding more of nature
 then man her first-born and most perfect creature,
 let me adore you; you that onely can
 help or kill nature, drawing out that span
 of life and breath even to the end of time;
 you that these hands did crop long before prime
 of day; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
 This is the *Cress*, bearing a yellow flower;
 and this black Horehound; both are very good
 for sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood
 dogs venom'd tooth. These *Nasturms* branches are,
 which stuck in entries, or about the barrs
 that holds the door fast, kill all enchantments,
 charms, &c. were they *Medus's* verses; that do harm
 to men or cattel. These for frenzie be
 a speedy and a soveraign remedy,
 the bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
 such sympathy with mans good they do hold.
 This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part
 all deadly killing poyson from the heart.
 And here *Nasturms* root, for swellings best,

D

yellow

yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet rest
 to the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
 all busie gnats, and every flie that burns,
 For Leprosie, Darnel, and Celandine,
 with Calamint, whose vertues do refine
 the blood of man, making it free and fair
 as the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
 Here other two, but your rebellious use
 is not for me, whose goodness is abuse,
 therefore, foul Standergrace, from me and mine
 I banish thee, with luttful Turpentine,
 you that intice the veins, and stir the heat
 to civil mutiny, scaling the seat
 our reason, and deluding it
 with dreams and wondrous fancies, till the fire
 of burning lust be kindled: by appetite
 robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
 And thou light *Vervin* too, thou must go after,
 provoking easie souls to mirth and laughter:
 no more shall I dip thee in water now,
 and sprinkle every post, and every bough
 with thy well-pleasing juice, to make the groome
 swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thine.

This. This is the Cabin where the best of all
 her sex, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
 give heat or happiness to the Shepherds side,
 doth onely to her worthy self abide.
 Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light;
 thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
 is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place
 thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
 of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
 to see how cunningly thou do'st beguile
 thy brother of his brightness, giving day
 again from *Chaos*, whiter then that way
 that leads to *Joves* high Court; and chaster far
 then chastity it self, yon blessed star
 that nightly shines: Thou, all the constancy
 that in all women was, or ere shall be,

from

from whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire,
that Poets stile the mother of desire,
infusing into every gentle breast
a soul of greater price, and far more blest
than that quick power which gives a difference
'twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clor. Shepherd, how canst thou hither to this place?
no way is troden, all the verdant grass
the spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
of any foot, only the dappled Doe
far from the feared sound of crooked horn
dwells in this fastness. *Th.* Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion
into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
but hither am I come (believe me fair)
to seek you out, of whose great good the air
is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
breaks against heaven, and drives into a flound
the amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
be resident in lesser then a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill
may cure thee of disease or feasted ill,
whose grief or greenness to another eye
may seem impossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *Th.* 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
no part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
this body holds; and yet a feller grief
then ever skilful hand did give relief
dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
fair beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then shepherd, let me sue
to know thy grief; that man yet never knew
the way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

Then. Then fairest, know, I love you.

Clor. Swain, no more,
thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
and offered Sacrilegious soul disgrace
to the sweet rest of these interred bones,

for fear of whose ascending, fly at once, thou, and thy idle passions, that the sight of death and speedy vengeance may not fright thy very soul with horror. *Then.* Let me not (thou all perfection) merit such a blot for my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Darest thou abide to see this holy earth at once divide and give her body up? for sure it will, if thou pursu'it with wanton flames to fill this hallowed place; therefore repent, and go, whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below, that else would tell thee what it were to be a rival in that virtuous love that he embraces yet. *Then.* 'Tis not the white or red inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed my mind to adoration; nor your eye, though it be full and fair, your forehead high, and smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; nor the smile lies watching in those dimples to beguile the easie soul, your hands and fingers long with veins inamel'd richly, nor your tongue, though it spoke sweeter than *Arion's* Harp, your hair wove into many a curious warp, able in endless error to infold the wandering soul, nor the true perfect mould of all your body, which as pure doth shew in Maiden whiteness as the *Alpsien* snow. All these, were but your constancy away, would please me less, than a black stormy day the wretched Seaman toying through the deep, But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep, though all the plagues that ere begotten were in the great womb of air, were settled here in opposition, I would like the tree, shake off those drops of weakness, and be free, even in the arm of danger. *Clor.* Wouldst thou have me raise again (fond man) from silent grave, those sparks that long ago were buried here, with my dead friends cold ashes? *Then.* Dearest dear, I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;

Stand

The faithful Shepherdess.

21

stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
the same Opinion speaks ye; let not will,
and that great god of women, appetite,
set up your blood again; do not invite
desire and fancy from their long exile,
to set them once more in a pleasing smile:
belike a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
the power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
of *Neptunus* battery; if ye yield, I die
to all affection; 'tis that loyalty
ye tie unto this grave, I so admire;
and yet ther's something else I would desire,
if you would hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny
hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
for if I longer stay, this double fire
will lick my life up. *Clor.* Do, let time wear out
what Art and Nature cannot bring about.

Then. Farewel, thou soul of vertue, and be blest
for ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
thus to my self; yet grant me leave to dwell
in kenning of this Arbor; yon same dell
o're-topt with mourning Cypress and sad Yew
shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rue,
before the Sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
the hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
upon this head. *Clor.* The gods give quick release,
and happy cure unto thy hard disease. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
for ne'r did my unconstant eye yet greet
that beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
than the new blossoms, when the morning air
blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
when many maiden blushes to our sight
shoot from his early face: were all these set
in some neat form before me, 'twould not get
the least love from me; some desire it might,
or present burning: all to me in sight

are

are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown; or aged, or brief
 virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown you as good as mine;
 my appetite with any; I swear as oft, as you shall sigh,
 and weep, as any, melt my words as soft, as you may taste;
 into a maidens ears, and tell how long; since he did love me,
 my heart has been her servant, and how strong; how deep
 my passions are: call her unkind and cruel, as some maidens do,
 offer her all I have to gain the Jewel, which she hath so
 maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
 this do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter Amorella.

Amor. Hail Shepherd, *Pa* bleis both thy flock and thee,
 for being mindful of thy word to me.

Snl. Welcom, fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
 gives thee the self same wishes back again; who would have thought
 who till this present hour ne'r knew that eye, which now
 could make me cross mine arms, or daily die, in the town
 with fresh consumings: boldly tell me then, shall I
 how shall we part their faithful loves, and when? I shall
 shall I belie him to her, shall I swear, that he
 his faith is false, and he loves every where? I shall
 I'll say he mockt her th'other day to you, and shall
 which will by your confirming shew as true; I shall
 for he is of so pure an honesty, that he will be
 to think (because he will not) none will lie, nor
 or else to him I'll slander *Amores*, and say,
 and say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
 me'mongst the shady Sycamores last night, do
 and loosely offered up her frame and spright,
 into my bosom, made a wanton bed, and
 of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
 her willing body to be prest by me;
 there have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
 together with mine own; to make this show
 more full of seeming, *Hobin* you know,
 son to the aged Shepherd of the glen,
 him I have sorted out of many men,
 to say he found us at our private sport;
 and rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
 this to confirm, I have promis'd to the boy
 many a pretty knack, and many a toy;

as grins to catch his birds, with bow and bolt,
to shoot at nimble Squirrels in theholt;
a pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
soft as his own locks, or the down of swan;
this I have done to win ye, which doth give
me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank ye; these tricks might prevail
with other rustick Shepherds, but will fail,
even once to stir, much more to overthrow
his fixed love from judgment, who doth know
your nature, my end; and his choicest merit;
therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
which I have found: give second, and my love
is everlasting thine. *Sw.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
soon as they fold their flock up with the day,
in the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
in whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
and but that matchless spring which Poets know,
was ne'r the like to this: by it doth grow
about the sides, all herbs which Witches use,
all simples good for Medicine or Abuse;
all sweets that crown the happy Nuptial day,
with all their colours; there the Month of May
is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
there's not a grass on which was ever seen
the falling *Autumn*, or cold Winters hand,
so full of heat and vertue is the land
about this fountain, which doth slowly break
below yon Mountains foot, into a Creek
that waters all the valley, giving Fish
of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
right wise in charms, hath often to me sed,
hath power to change the form of any creature,
being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
or shape 'twould please the Tetter down to crave;
who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow

that

that would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
 before I trusted them into this deep,
 All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
 this secret of her Art, if crost in love :
 I'll this attempt ; now, Shepherd, I have here
 all her prescriptions, and I will not fear
 to be my self-dipt : come, my temples bind
 with these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find,
 as you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
 and bid the water raise me *Amors* ;
 which being done, leave me to my affair,
 and ere the day shall quite it self out-wear,
 I will return unto my Shepherd's arm ;
 dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
 and plack me up my self, whom freely take,
 and the hot't fire of thine affection stake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me :
 I long the truth of this well's power to see.

Exeunt.

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
 where I appointed *Cloe* ; do not miss,
 thou bright ey'd virgin ; come, O come, my fair ;
 be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
 of honour stay thee from the Shepherd's arm,
 who would as hard be won to offer harm
 to thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
 or yon great round to move another way.
 My language shall be honest, full of truth,
 my flames as smooth and spotless as my youth :
 I will not entertain that wandering thought,
 whose easie current may at length be brought
 to a loose vastness.

Alexis within. Cloe !

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
 and I must answer, *Cloe* ! Oh the choice
 of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
 our hands shall give ! I charge you, all my veins
 through which the blood and spirit take their way,
 lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
 those mutinous desires that else would grow
 to strong rebellion : donot wilder show

then

The faithful Shepherd.

Then blushing modesty may entertain,

Alexis within. Cloc! and I engaged my dear side mid to

Daph. There sounds that blessed name again,

and I will meet it: let me not mistake,

this is some Shepherd: sure I am awake;

What may this riddle mean? I will retire,

to give my self more knowledge.

Alex. Oh my fire,

how thou consum'st me! *Cloc,* answer me;

Alexis, strong *Alexis,* high and free,

calls upon *Cloc.* See, mine arms are full

of entertainment, ready for to pull

that golden fruit which too too long hath hang,

tempting the greedy eye: thou stay'st too long;

I am impatient of these mad delays;

I must not leave unsought these many ways

that lead into this center, till I find

quench for my burning lust: I come, unkind.

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,

that I may credit this for truth, and still

believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold

her yet untainted, and these sights but bold

illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been

sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen

daring to blind the virtuous thought with error:

But be they far from me with their fond terror:

I am resolv'd my *Cloc* yet is true.

Cloc within. *Cloc,* hark, *Cloc:* Sure this voice is new,

whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,

tells me it is a woman: *Cloc,* tell

thy blessed name again.

Cloc within. Here,

Oh what a grief is this to be so near,

and not encounter!

Cloc. Shepherd, we are met:

Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,

which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,

soke through your startups.

Daph. Fairest, are you found?

How have we wandred, that the better part

of this good night is perish'd? Oh my heart!

how have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss

those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss

that charming tongue gives to the happy ear
 of him that drinks your language! but I fear
 I am too much unmanner'd, for too rude,
 and almost grown lascivious, to intrude
 these hot behaviours; where regard of
 honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
 and such discourse as one fair sister may
 without offence unto the brother say,
 should rather have been tendered: but believe
 here dwells a better temper, do not grieve
 then, ever kindest, that my first salutes
 seasons so much of fancy: I am sure
 henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
 suting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
 Indeed I will not ask a kiss of you,
 no not to wring your fingers, but to sue
 to those blest pair of lined stars for smiles,
 all a young lovers evening, all his wiles,
 and pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
 be strangers; only to your chastity
 I am devoted ever. *Chor. Honn'd Martin,*
 first let me thank you, then return again
 as much of my love: no, thou art too gold,
 unhappy boy, not temper'd to my mold,
 thy blood falls heavy downward: 'tis not fear
 offend in boldness wins; they never wear
 deserved favours, that deny to take
 when they are offer'd freely. Do I wake
 to see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
 and such a robe as we call goodly creature,
 thus backward; What a world of precious Art
 were nearly lost, to make him do his part?
 But I will shake him off, that does not hold;
 let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
 so happily, our lives and fortunes set
 upon one stake, to give assurance now,
 by interchange of hands and holy vow,
 never to break again: walk you that way
 whilst I in zealous meditation stay

a little this way : when we both have ended
these rights and duties, by the woods befriended,
and secrete of night, retire and find
an aged Oak, whose hollowneſs may bind
us both within his body, thither go,
it ſtands within yon bottom. *Deph.* Be it ſo. *Exit Deph.*

Clea. And I will meet there never more with thee,
thou Idle ſhamefaſtneſs. *Alex. within.* Clea? *Clea.* 'Tis he
that dare I hope be bolder. *Alex. Chw.* *Clea.* Now
great Pan, for Syrinx ſake, bid ſpeed our plow. *Exit Chw.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Sullen Shepherd with Amarillis in a ſtrey.

Swl. From thy forehead thus I take
theſe herbs, and charge thee not awake,
till in yonder holy Well,
thrice with powerful Magick ſpell,
fill'd with many a baleful word,
thou haſt been dipp'd; thus with my cord
of blaſted hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy ſleepy body bind;
I turn thy head into the Eaſt,
and thy feet into the Weſt,
thy left arm to the South part form,
and thy right unto the North;
I take thy body from the ground,
in this deep and deadly ſwound,
and into this holy ſpring,
I let thee ſlide down by my ſtring.
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
to thy bottom; nearer yet;
in thy water pure and ſweet,
by thy leave I dip her feet;
thus I let her lower yet,
that her ankles may be wer;
yet down lower, let her knee
in thy waters waſhed be;
there ſtop: Fly away,
every thing that loves the day,

Truth that hath but one face, it shod bewray : yett this charit e
thus I charm thee from this place, that yd castub the night shod
snakes that cast your coats for new, which edgie to be most hie
Camelions that alter hue, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
Hares that yearly sexes change, which shod in midw. shod in
Evans altering oft and strange, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
Hecate with shapes three, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
let this Maiden changed be, which shod in midw. shod in
with this holy water wet, which shod in midw. shod in
to the shape of *Amoris*, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
Cynthia work thou with my charm, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
thus I draw thee free from harm, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
up out of this blessed Lake, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on
rise both like her, and awake, I have mallowd shod. ItO bega on

She awakes.

Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoris* to fight?
or hast thou mist in any Magick right;
for want of which, any defect in me
may make our practises discovered be?

Sull. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,
whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I should my self take thee for *Amoris*;
thou art in cloaths, in feature, voice, and hue,
so like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

Ama. Then this deceit, which cannot crossed be,
at once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come by promise made,
and sure his nature never was so bad,
to bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
when night and fear are up, but understood
'twas his part to come first : being come, I'll say,
my constant love made me come first, and stay,
then I will lead him further to the grove;
but stay you here, and if his own true Love
shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
which say, her Lover lately troden hath;
He not be far from hence, if need there be,
here is another charm, whose power will free
the dazled sense, read by the Moons beams clear,
and in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter Peri.

Sull. Stand

The faithful Shepherdess.

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Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

Per. This is the place (fair *Amoret*) the hour is yet scarce come. Here every Sylvan porter delights to be, about yon sacred well, which they have blest with many a powerful spell; for never traveller in dead of night, nor strayed beasts have faln in, but when sight hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found by help of them, so holy is the ground; but I will farther seek, lest *Amoret* should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret. *Exit. Amar. Perigot.*

Per. My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*

Sull. Now she hath got her own desires, and I shall gainer be of my long lookt for hopes as well as she. How bright the Moon shines here, as if she strove to shew her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret.* to some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is another *Amoret*. Where differs this from that? but that she *Perigot* hath met, I should have tane this for the counterfeit: Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies, if mortal men could know your properties!

Amo. Me thinks it is not night, I have no fear, walking this wood, of Lion, or the Bear, whose names at other times have made me quake, when any Shepherdess in her tale spake of some of them, that underneath a wood have torn true Lovers that together stood. Me thinks there are no Goblins, and mens talk, that in these woods the nimble Fairies walk, are fables; such a strong heart I have got, because I come to meet with *Perigot*. *My Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot*?

Sull. Fair maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.

Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*: An hour together under yonder tree he sate with wreathed arms and call'd on thee,

and

and said, Why, *Amor*, stayest thou so long? then starting up, down yonder path he flung, lest thou hadst mist thy way: were it day-light, he could not yet have born him out of sight.

Amor. Thanks, gentle Shepherd, and beleave my stay, that made me fearful I had lost my way: as fast as my weak legs (that cannot be weary with seeking him), will carry me, I'll seek him out: and for thy courtesie pray *Pan* thy love may ever follow thee.

Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she seem! was it not pity to deceive her so? she pluckt her garments up, and tript away, and with a Virgin-innocence did pray for me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here, me thought the beams of light that did appear were shot from her; me thought the Moon gawgoned, but what it had from her: she was alone with me, if then her presence did so move, why did not I assay to win her love? she would not sure have yielded unto me; women love only opportunity, and not the man; or if she had deny'd, alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd who had been stronger: a vain fool, to let such blest occasion pass; I'll follow yet: my blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alex. & Cloe
I come, sweet *Amor*. Soft, who is here? A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me: now lust is up, alike all women be.

Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me, *Cloe*, I know ere this would weary be.

Cloe. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the place be private, and out of the common track of every Shepherd: for I understood, this night a number are about the wood: then let us choose some place, where out of sight we freely may enjoy our stolen delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'r be found, no Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground:

no maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies, and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep:
then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
and let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Clot. Then lie by me, the sooner we begin,
the longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon Flame,
the greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
here where thou sitst under this holy tree
her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himself should come out of the lawns,
with all his troops of Satyrs and of Fawns,
and bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
a greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold earth never shalt thou move,
but lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Clot. Hold gentle shepherd, *Sull.* Fairest shepherdess,
come you with me, I do not love ye less
than that fond man, that would have kept you these
from me, of more desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
to take her from me; give me leave to die
by her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way, and she another,

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the sky,

and the stars, whose feeble light
give a pale shadow to the night,
are up, great *Pan* commanded me
to walk this Grove about, whilst he
in a corner of the wood,
where never mortal foot hath stood,
keeps dancing, musick, and a feast,
to entertain a lovely guest:
where he gives her many a Rose,
sweeter than the breath that blows
the leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.

But to my charge: here must I stay,
to see what mortals lose their way,
and by a false fire, seeming bright,
train them in, and leave them right:

then

then must I watch if any be
forcing of a chastity ;
if I find it, then in haste
give my wreathed horn a blast,
and the Fairies all will run,
wildly dancing by the Moon,
and will pinch him to the bone,
till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death ! *Sat.* Back again about this ground,
Sure I hear a mortal sound ;
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
by the waters of this Well,
by the glimmering Moon beams bright,
speak again, thou mortal wight.

Alex. Oh ! *Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies
sleeping on the ground : arise,
The poor wight is almost dead ;
on the ground his wounds have bled,
and his cloaths foul'd with his blood :
to my Goddess in the wood
will I lead him, whose hands pure
will help this mortal wight to cure ;

Clot. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
doth pant, each bush, me thinks, should hide a beast :
yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where :
for from one cause of fear I am most free,
it is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloody with his wound ;
yet till that fearful shape made me be gone,
though he were hurt, I furnish't was of one ;
but now both lost : *Alexis*, speak or move,
If thou hast any life, thou art yet my Love,
He's dead, or else is with his little might
crept from the bank for fear of that ill sight.
Then where art thou that struck'st my Love ! O stay,
bring me thy self in change, and then Ile say,
thou hast some justice. I will make thee trim
with flowers and garlands that were meant for him ;

He clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
as I did mean he should have been embrac'd;
but thou art fled. What hope is left for me?
He run to *Daphne* in the hollow tree,
who I did mean to mock, though hope be small
to make him bold; rather then none at all,
He try him; his heart, and my behaviour too
perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.

Exit.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble fight,
mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
that shap'd these fears, and made me run away,
and lose my beauteous hardly gotten prey.
Speak, gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
and tender love for love: but she is gone
from me, that having struck her Lover dead,
for silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
by her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close. Here comes young *Perigot*,
with subtil *Amarillis* in the shape
of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, show me some place
where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
of thee, an hour before thou can'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy steps: Here shalt thou rest
upon this holy bank, no deadly Snake
upon this turf her self in folds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed:
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
here never durst the babling Cuckow spit;
no slough of falling Star did ever hit
upon this bank; let this thy Cabin be,
this other set with Violets for me.

Amar. Thou do'st not love me, *Perigot*. *Per.* Fair maid,
you onely love to hear it often said;

you do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me, but I do.

Per. What, shall we now begin again to woo?

'tis the best way to make your Lover last;
to play with him, when you have caught him fast.

Amar. By *Pau* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,
and by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.

Per. By *Pau* I swear, and if I falsely swear,
let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear

my earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilest I do sleep
fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep;

I love thee better then the carefull Ewe
the new-year'd Lamb that is of her own hue;

I dote upon thee more then the young Lamb
doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.

Were there a sort of Wolves got in my fold,
and one ran after thee, both young and old

should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
to save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee choose
another bed, and do'tt my side refuse?

Per. 'Twas onely that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,

rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy *Amoret*, embrace and kiss.

Per. What means my Lover? *Amar.* To do as Lovers shou'd,
that are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.

There's ne'r a Shepherdess in all the plain
can kiss thee with more Art; there's none can feign

more wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear soul, to try
whether my heart be pure: Ile rather die,

then nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastity
is among women? *Perigot*, there's none

that with her Love is in a wood alone,
and would come home a maid; be not abus'd

with thy fond first belief, let time be us'd:
Why do'st thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slain.

Amar. Faith, *Perigot*, Ile pluck thee down again.
Per. Let

The faithful Shepherds.

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Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my breast
hast with thy cunning divid'd ; art not in jest ?

Ama. Sweet Love, lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to see,
some bitter North-wind blast my flocks and me.

Ama. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Per. O be as thou wert once, Ile love thee still.

Ama. I am still as I was, and all my kind,
though other shews we have poor men to blind.

Per. Then here I end all love ; and lest my vain
belief should ever draw me in again,
before thy face that hast my youth mis-led,
I end my life, my blood be on thy head.

Ama. O hold thy hands, thy *Amores* doth cry.

Per. Thou counsell'st well, first *Amores* shall die,
that is the cause of my eternal smart. *He runs after her.*

Ama. O hold. *Per.* This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart.

The Sullen Shepherd steps on, and uncharms her.

Sul. Up and down every where,

I strew the herbs to purge the air :

I let your Odour drive hence

all mists that dazle sense,

Herbs and Springs, whose hidden might

alters shapes, and mocks the sight,

thus I charge ye to undo

all before I brought ye to :

let her flie, let her scape,

give again her own shape.

Enter Amarillis in her own shape.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain, thou dost mistake,

she whom thou follow'st fled into the brake;

and as I crost the way, I met thy wrath,

the only fear of which near slain me hath.

Per. Pardon, fair Shepherdess, my rage and night

were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight ;

but far be it from me to spill the blood

of harmless maids that wander in the wood.

Exit. Ama.

Enter Amores.

Ama. Many a weary step in yonder path

poor hopeless *Amores* twice troden hath

to seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
his voice; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
that calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair, how
she shews, and yet her breath infects the Air.

Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.

Per. Hapless first:
it lights on thee, the next blow is the worst.

Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my Love, thou art unjust
Per. Death is the best reward that's due to just men. *Exit Per.*

Sul. Now shall their love be cross
for being struck, it balled
He throw her in the Fount, lest being took
by some night traveller, whose honest care
may help to cure her. *Shepherdess* prepare
your self to die.

Amo. No mercy I do crave,
thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;
tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
he struck my soul, and not my body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
at peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sul. In this Fount be thy grave; thou wert not meant
sure for a woman, thou art so innocent
She cannot scape, for underneath the ground,
in a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
till on yon side where the Morn's Sun doth look,
the struggling water breaks out in a Brook. *Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his arms.

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
back again unto their spring,
with such force, that I, their god,
three times striking with my Rod,
could not keep them in their ranks;
my Fishes shoot into the banks,
there's not one that staves and feeds,
all have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
faln into my River head,
hallowed so with many a spell,
that till now none ever fell.

'Tis a female young and clear,
cast

cast in by some Ravisher.

See upon her breast a wound, on which there is no plaister bound.

Yet she's warm, her pulses beat, 'tis a sign of life and heat.

If thou be'st a Virgin pure, I can give a present cure:

take a drop into thy wound from my watry locks, more round

than Orient Pearl, and far more pure than unchast flesh may endure.

See she pants, and from her flesh the warm blood gusheth out afresh.

She is an unpolluted maid; I must have this bleeding staid.

From my bank I pluck this flower with holy hand, whose vertuous power

is at once to heal and draw. The blood returns. I never saw

a fairer Mortal. Now doth break her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak

Amo. Who hath restor'd my senses, given me new breath, and brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds. *Amo.* Ayme to wound

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee: I am this Fountains god; below,

my waters to a River grow, and 'twixt two banks with Officers set,

that only prosper in the wet, through the Meadows do they glide,

wheeling still on every side, sometimes winding round about,

to find the evenest channel out. And if thou wilt go with me,

leaving mortal company, in the cool streams shalt thou lie,

free from harm as well as I: I will give thee for thy food,

no Fish that useth in the mud; but Trout and Pike that love to swim

where:

where the gravel from the brim
 through the pure streams may be seen:
 orient Pearl, fit for a Queen,
 will I give thy love to win,
 and a shell to keep them in:
 not a Fish in all my Brook
 that shall disobey thy look;
 but when thou wilt, come sliding by,
 and from thy white hand take a fly.
 And to make thee understand,
 how I can my waves command,
 they shall bubble whilst I sing
 sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

*Do not fear to put thy feet
 Naked in the River sweet;
 Think not Leach, or Newt, or Toad,
 Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
 Nor let the water rising high,
 As thou wad'st in, make thee cry:
 And sob, but ever live with me;
 And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
 I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
 by thee a god: for ere this, but for thee,
 I should have shewn my weak Mortality:
 besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
 I am betroth'd unto a Shepherd swain,
 whose comly face, I know, the gods above
 may make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true,
 Fairest Virgin, now adieu;
 I must make my waters fly,
 lest they leave their Channels dry,
 and beasts that come unto the spring,
 miss their mornings watering;
 which I would not; for of late,
 all the neighbour people sate
 on my banks, and from the fold,
 two white Lambs of three weeks old

offered

offered to my Deiry; for which, this year they shall be free from raging floods, that as they pass, leave their gravel in the grass: nor shall their meads be overflown, when their grass is newly mow'n.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown, never from thy banks be blown any tree with windy force, cross thy streams, to stop thy course: may no beast that comes to drink, with his horns cast down thy brink; may none that for thy fish do look, cut thy banks to dam thy brook; bare foot may no neighbour wade, in thy cool streams, wife nor maid, when the spawns on stones do lie, to wash their Hemp, and spoil the fric.

God. Thanks, Virgin, I must down again, thy wound will put thee to no pain: wonder not so soon 'tis gone; a holy hand was laid upon.

Exit.

Amo. And I unhappy born to be, must follow him that flies from me.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigo.

Per. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind; she's gone, she's gone; blow high thou North-west wind, and raise the Sea to Mountains; let the Trees that dare oppose thy raging fury, leese their firm foundation, creep into the earth, and shake the world, as at the monstrous birth of some new Prodigy; whilst I constant stand, holding this trusty Boar-spear in my hand, and falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarilla running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot
against

against thy self; believe me, comly Swain,
if that thou diest, not all the showers of Rain
the heavy clouds send down, can wash away
that foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands;
believe me, she is constant, not the sands
can be so hardly numbred as she won:
I do not trifle, *Shepherd*; by the Moon,
and all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
all that I told thee, *Perigor*, 'tis true:
Then be a free man, put away despair,
and will to die; smoothe gently up that faire
dejected forehead: be as when those eyes
took the first heat. *Per.* Alas, he double dies

that would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
with many worse companions. But, Oh death,
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
so much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
in forcing of a wound, nor after gain
of many daies, can hold me from my will:
'tis not my self, but *Amores*, bids kill.

Amor. Stay but a little, little, but one hour;
and if I do not shew thee through the power
of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
my self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in fight,
her very figure, and the Robe she wears,
with tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears
of thine own Carving, where your names are set,
wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
the *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
else that she wears about her; let me feel
the first felt stroke of that Revenging steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
to give it entertainment, for the scope
of one poor hour; go; you shall find me next
under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext,
and thus believing. *Amor.* Bind before I go,
thy soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do

Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
till my return.

Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife
he had with *Phaëbus* for the Mastery,
when Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Minstrelsis*,
I will not.

Exeunt.

Enter Satyr with Alex's bur.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I go,
with this burden full of wo,
through still silence of the night,
guided by the glow-worms light,
hither am I come at last;
many a Thicket have I past,
not a twig that durst deny me,
not a bush that durst decry me
to the little Bird that sleeps
on the tender spray: nor creeps
that hardy worm with pointed tail,
but if I be under fail,
flying faster than the wind,
leaving all the clouds behind
but doth hide her tender head
in some hollow tree or bed
of seeded Nettles: not a Hare
can be started from his fare,
by my footing, nor a wish
is more sudden, nor a fish
can be found with greater ease,
cut the vast unbounded seas,
leaving neither print nor sound,
then I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour:
But behold the happy power,
that must ease me of my charge,
and by holy hand enlarge
the soul of this sad man, that yet
lies fast bound in deadly fit;
heaven and great *Pan* succour it!
Hail thou beauty of the bower,

G

whiter

whiter then the Paramour
of my Master, let me crave
thy vertuous help to keep from Grave
this poor Mortal that here lies,
waiting when the destinies
will undo his thred of life;
View the wound by cruel knife
trencht into him.

Clor. What art thou call'd me from my holy Rites,
and with thy feared name of death affrights
my tender ears? speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
your lap with early fruit, and will,
when I hap to gather more,
bring ye better, and more store.
Yet I come not empty now;
see a blossome from the bough;
but bestrew his heart that pull'd it,
and his perfect sight that cull'd it,
from the other springing blooms;
for a sweeter youth the Grooms
cannot shew me, nor the Downs,
nor the many neighbouring Towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him,
softly in mine Arms I bound him;
hither have I brought him sleeping
in a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
in remembrance such youth may
spring and perish in a day.

Clor. *Satyre*, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
though thou beest outward rough and tawny hu'd,
thy manners are as gentle and as fair
as his, who brags himself born onely heir
to all Humanity. Let me see the wound;
this herb will stay the current, being bound
fast to the orifice; and this restrain
ulcers, and swellings, and such inward pain
as the cold air hath forc'd into the fore;
this to draw out such putrifying gore
as inward falls.

Satyre.

Sayr. Heaven grant it may do good.

Cler. Fairly wipe away the blood
hold him gently till I sting
water of a vertuous spring
on his temples; turn him twice
to the moon beams, pinch him thrice,
that the labouring soul may draw
from his great eclipse.

Sayr. I saw
his eye-lids moving.

Cler. Give him breath,
all the danger of cold-death
now is vanisht; with this Plaster
and this unction, do I master
all the feftred ill that may
give him grief another day.

Sayr. See he gathers up his spright,
and begins to hunt for light;
now he gapes, and breathes again;
how the blood runs to the vein,
that earst was empty!

Alonzo. O my heart,
my dearest, dearest *Cler.* O the smart
runs through my side: I feel some pointed thing
pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
of *Scorpion*.

Pan preserve me, what are you?

Do not hurt me, I am true

To my *Cler*, though she flie,

And leave me to this destiny;

There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white hand to help her friend

But I am much mistaken, for that face

Bears more Austerity, and modest grace,

More reproving and more awe,

Then these eyes yet ever saw

In my *Cler*. Oh my pain

Eagerly renews again.

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Cler. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires,
provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

to execute, these must be purg'd, until
the vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
great *Pain* to keep you from the like decay;
and I shall undertake your cure with ease;
till when, this virtuous Plaster will displease
your tender sides; give me your hand and rise
help him a little, *Satyrs*, for his thighs
yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much blood.

Satyrs. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing,
though there be a joy in doing,
yet it brings much grief behind it,
they best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Satyrs. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing,
by my head 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
to catch the nimble wind, or get
shadows gliding on the green,
or to steal from the great Queen
of *Fayries*, all her Beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest *Satyrs*; if the Cries
of any other that be hurt or ill,
draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
to bring them hither.

Satyrs. I will, and when the weather
serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
with a line of finest silk,
and a rod as white as milk,
to deceive the little fish:
so I take my leave, and wish,
on this Bower may ever dwell
spring and summer.

Clor. Friend, farewell.

Exit.
Enter

The faithful Shepherdess.

45

Enter Amoris, seeking her Love.

Amor. This place is Ominous, for here I lost my love, and almost life, and since have crost all these woods over; never a nook or dell, where any little bird, or beast doth dwell, but I have sought him; never a bending brow of any hill or glade, the wind sings through, nor a green bank, nor shade where Shepherds use to sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse their Valentines, that I have mist, to find my Love in. *Perigot.* Oh too unkind, why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone? how have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone to thee, worthy this scorn'd Recompence? 'tis well, I am content to feel it: but I tell thee, Shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear, forsaken *Amoris* is yet as clear as any stranger fire, as heaven is from foul corruption, or the deep Abyss from light and happiness; and thou maist know all this for truth, and how that fatal blow thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine fell on my life, but from suspect of thine, or fury more then madness; therefore, here, since I have lost my life, my love, my dear, upon this cursed place, and on this green, that first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen a sight of so great pity, that each eye shall daily spend his spring in memory of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind, nor is it through the working of my mind, that this shews *Amoris*; forsake me all that dwell upon the soul, but what men call wonder, or more then wonder, Miracle; for sure so strange as this, the Oracle never gave answer of, it passeth dreams, or mad-mens fancy, when the many streams of new Imaginations rise and fall:

'tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
for pity to young *Perigot*; whilst he,
directed by his fury, bloodily
lanc't up her breast, which bloodleis fell, and cold;
and if belief may credit what was told;
after all this, the Melancholly Swain
took her into his arms, being almost slain,
and to the bottom of the holy Well
flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amaros*,
and living yet; the great powers will not let
their virtuous love be crost. Maid, wipe away
those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
the storm that yet goes high; which not deprest,
breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest;
thy *Perigot*——*Ama.* Where, which is *Perigot*?

Ama. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
thee, and thy fortune; go and comfort him;
and thou shalt find him underneath a brim
of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Ama. I go, I run; Heaven grant me I may win
his soul again.

Exit Amos.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
ye are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
and warm our bloods together till the fit
comelively on us. *Ama.* Friend, you are too keen,
the Morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
forbear a little. *Sul.* I can stay no longer.

Ama. Hold, *Shepherd*, hold; learn not to be a wronger
of your word; was not your promise laid,
to break their loves first?

Sul. I have done it, Maid.

Ama. No, they are yet unbroken; met again,
and are as hard to part yet as the stain
is from the finest lawn. *Sul.* I say they are
now at this present parted, and so far,
that they shall never meet.

Ama.

Amor. Swain, 'tis not so;
for do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
and there believe your eyes.

Sall. You do but hold
off with delays and trifles; farewell cold
and frozen bashfulness, unfit for men;
thus I salute thee, virgin.

Amor. And thus then
I bid you follow; Catch me, if you can.

Sall. And if I stay behind, I am no man. *Exit.*
Ex. running after
(her.)

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night, do not steal away: I wooe thee yet
to hold a hard hand o're the rusty bitt
that guides the lazy team: go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain
round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
to hide my sorrows from the coming light:
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
and read my falling; give me some black place,
where never Sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
that I may sit and pour out my sad spright
like running water, never to be known
after the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.

Amor. This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,
my *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy dear
calls on thy loved Name.

Per. What art thou darrest
tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
dwell on the face of darkness?

Amor. 'Tis thy friend,
thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end
to these consumings; look up, gentle Boy;
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
to be thy Love again: Why hast thou rent
those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribands and Damask-Roses, and have flung
water

waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay.
 sweeter then the Nuptials on a Bridal day ?
 why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face
 down to thy bosom, letting fall space
 from those two little Heavens upon the ground
 showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
 than those that hang upon the Moons pale brow ?
 Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
 the same I ever was, as kind and free,
 and can forgive before you ask of me.
 Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fair.

O you great working powers of Earth and Air,
 water and forming fire, why have you lent
 your hidden vertues of so ill intent ?
 Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
 had *Amoret* ; such words, so smooth and new,
 came flying from her tongue ; such was her eye,
 and such the pointed sparkle that did flie
 forth like a bleeding shaft ; all is the same,
 the Robe and Buskins, painted hook, and frame
 of all her Body. O me, *Amoret* !

Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle ? who hath set
 so strong a difference 'twixt my self and me,
 that I am grown another ? look and see
 the Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
 that curious bracelet thou thy self didst twist
 from those fair Tresses : know'st thou *Amoret* ?
 hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
 thy ancient faith ?

Per. Still nearer to my love ;
 these be the very words she oft did prove
 upon my temper ; so she still would take
 wonder into her face ; and silent make
 signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
 Shepherd, remember this another day,

Amo. Am I not *Amoret* ? where was I lost ?
 can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
 of these unconstant ? faith, where art thou fled ?
 are all thy vows and protestations dead ?

the hands held up, the wishes, and the heart,
is there not one remaining, not a part
of all these to be found? why then I see
men never knew that vertue, Constancy.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
brought Love and women forth, unfortunate
to all that ever tasted of their smiles,
whose actions are all double, full of wiles:
like to the subtil Hare, that fore the Hounds
makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
this way and that way, to deceive the sent
of her pursuers.

Anno. 'Tis but to prevent
their speedy coming on that seek her fall,
the hands of cruel men, more bestial,
and of a nature more refusing good
then beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Per. Thou art all these, and more then Nature meant,
when she created all, frowns, joyes, content;
extream fire for an hour, and presently
colder than sleepey poyson, or the sea
upon whose face sits a continual frost:
your actions ever driven to the most,
then down again as low, that none can find
the rise or falling of a womans mind.

Anno. Can there be any Age, or daies, or time,
or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
as wronging simple maid? O *Perigot*,
thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
thou that wast every good, and every thing
that men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
from whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
thou that wast alwaies just, and alwaies blest
in faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
of Vertuous given thee, and made good the same
ev'n from the Cradle; thou that wast that all
that men delighted in; Oh what a fall
is this, to have been so, and now to be
the only best in wrong and infamy,
and I to live to know this! and by me

that lov'd thee dearer than mine Eyes, or that
 which we esteem'd our honour, virgin-state ;
 dearer than Swallows love the early morn,
 or dogs of Chase the sound of merry horn ;
 dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
 another, and far dearer than the last ;
 dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
 the self-love were within thee, that did fall
 with that coy Swain that now is made a flower,
 for whose dear sake, *Ecce* weeps many a shower.
 And am I thus rewarded for my flame ?
 lov'd worthily to get a wantons name ?
 Come thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
 and noise it to the world, my love is dead :
 I am forsaken, I am cast away,
 and left for every lazy groom to say,
 I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
 than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
 when the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
 canst thou not love again thy *Amores* ?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
 I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
 upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
 with words and fained passions: *Periga*
 was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
 sloop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me heaven, to whom I call for right,
 and you fair twinkling stars that crown the night ;
 and hear me woods, and silence of this place,
 and ye sad hours that move a sullen pace ;
 hear me ye shadows that delight to dwell
 in horrid darkness, and ye powers of Hell,
 whilst I breath out my last ; I am that maid,
 that yet untainted *Amores*, that plaid
 the careless prodigal, and gave away
 my soul to this young man, that now dares say
 I am a stranger, not the same, more wild ;
 and thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
 I am that maid, that have delai'd, deni'd,
 and almost scorn'd the loves of all that us'd

to win me, but this Swain; and yet confesse
I have been wooed by many with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the Lad
that feeds his flocks down westward; Lambs and Doves
by young *Alexis*; *Daphne* sent me Gloves;
all which I give to thee: nor these, nor they
that sent them did I smile on, or ere lay
up to my after-memory. But why
do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
by this time had I found a quiet room
where every slave is free, and every breast
that living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
and thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.

Was ever any man so loath to trust
his eyes as I; or was there ever yet
any so like as this to *Amoret*?
for whose dear sake, I promise, if there be
a living soul within thee, thus to free
thy body from it.

He burns her again.

Amo. So, this work hath end:
farewell and live, be constant to thy friend
that loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot runs off.

Satyr. See the day begins to break,
and the light shoots like a streak
of subtil fire; the wind blows cold
whilst the morning doth unfold;
now the Birds begin to rowse,
and the Squirrel from the boughes
leaps, to get him Nuts and fruit;
the early Lark that earst was mute,
carrols to the rising day,
many a note and many a lay:
therefore here I end my watch,
lest the wandring swain should catch
harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ay me!

H 2

Satyr.

Saty. Speak again, what ere thou be,
I am ready, speak I say:
by the dawning of the day,
by the power of Night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Saty. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton Swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
dare commit so vile a part
as this murder; By the Moon
that hid her self when this was done,
never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
where my Goddes keeps, and crave
her to give her life, or grave.

Exunt.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another Cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my Love,
that from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
my first made vow, the wildest of the wood
tear me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood?
I go by wit to Cure a Lovers pain,
which no herb can; being done, Ile come again.

Exit.

Enter Theodor.

The. Poor Shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
and seeing thy fair *Clorins* Cabin, die:
O hapless love, which being answered, ends;
and as a little infant cries and bends
his tender Brows, when rowling of his eye,
he hath esp'd something that glisters nigh,
which he would have; yet give it him, away
he throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
with something else: such my affection, set
on that, which I should loath, if I could get.

Exit.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lies; did ever man but he
love any woman for her Constancy
to her dead lover, which she needs must end
before she can allow him for her friend,
and he himself must needs the cause destroy,
for which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty:
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze:
so *Phabus* may at noon bid mortals gaze;
thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd*, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin* now dare undertake.

He starts up.

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
yet any part of woman left in thee,
to make thee light: think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I break.
I that already have my fame far spread
for being constant to my Lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your love, how true,
if you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest
a constant woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my self here on this ground,
to be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
his heart with Malice against woman more,
that hated all the Sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
to die, then to behold this change in thee?
yet, yet return, let not the woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The.

Then. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame;
 your Sexes curse, foul falshood, must and shall,
 I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
 I hate thee now: yet turn.

Clor. Be just to me:

shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

Then. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good,
 was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
 for that time to the best: for as a blast
 that through a house comes, usually doth cast
 things out of order, yet by chance may come,
 and blow some one thing to his proper room;
 so did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
 sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
 Yet turn.

Clor. Thou dost but try me, if I would
 forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
 love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

Then. I do condemn thee now, and dare come near,
 and gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
 austerity, which sat upon that face
 is gone, and thou like others: false maid, see,
 this is the gain of foul inconstancy.

Exit.

Clor. 'Tis done; great *Pau*, I give thee thanks for it,
 what art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot again.

Then. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
 into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
 thy worthy strictness, but shall honour'd be,
 and I will lie again under this tree,
 and pine and die for thee with more delight,
 than I have sorrow now to know the light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and lie where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
 Farewel all hope of that Sex; whilst I thought
 there was one good, I fear'd to find one nought:
 but since their minds I all alike espy,

hence-

The faithfull Shepherdess.

henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

Clar. Blest be ye powers that give such quick redress,
and for my labours sent so good success.
I rather choose, though I woman be,
he should speak ill of all, then die for me.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Priest, and old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleep,
see the blushing Morn doth peep
through the window, whilst the Sun
to the mountain tops is run,
gilding all the Vales below
with his rising flames, which grow
greater by his climbing Rill.

Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and Bottle for the field;
clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
to the bitter North-east wind.

Call the Maidens up, and find
who lay longest, that she may
go without a friend all day;

then reward your dogs, and pray

Pau to keep you from decay:
so unfold, and then away.

What not a shepherd stirring? sure the grooms
have found their beds too easie, or the rooms
fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day;
knock, that they may remember what a shame
sloth and neglect laies on a Shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swain
this night hath known his lodging here, or lain
within these cotes: the woods, or some near town,
that is a neighbour to the bordering Down,
hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
or spiced Wassel-Bowl, to which resort

all the young men and maids of many a cote,
whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin, shew me the way that leads
to any of their haunts.

Old. This to the meads,
and that down to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me ;
come Shepherd, let me crave your company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin in her Cabin, Alexis with her.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
and your wound begins to cure :
strive to banish all that's vain,
lest it should break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid :
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain,
by thy choice herbs is almost gone again :
thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
at once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. May thy grief more appease,
relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
so mind and body both will mend,

Enter Satyre with Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,
that bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
and dying, know I cannot injur'd be ;
I am a maid, let that name fight for me.

Satyr. Fairest Virgin, do not fear
me, that doth thy body bear,
not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;
men are ruder far then we.
See, fair Goddess, in the wood
they have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her brest,
so soft and white, that no wild beaft
durst a toucht asleepe, or wake :

so sweet, that *Adder, Newt, or Snake,*
would have lain from arm to arm,
on her bosom to be warm
all a night, and being hot,
gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her brest;
a man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotless hand, on spotless brest
I put these herbs to give thee rest:
which till it heal thee, will abide,
if both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
so fair a face!

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Amo. For ought I know or think, these words, my last:
yet *Pan* so help me as my thoughts are chaste.

Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my cure,
as all my thoughts are just and pure;
some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
that will not let my Medicines work.

Satyr. search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
stronger yet: Oh here they be,
here, here, in a hollow tree,
two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter Clor, and Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
to my *Goddess* thus I bring ye;
strife is vain, come gently in,
I sented them, they'r full of sin.

Clor. Hold *Satyr*, take this Glass,
sprinkle over all the place,
purge the Air from lustful breath,
to save this *Shepherdess* from death;
and stand you still whilst I do dress
her wound, for fear the pain increase.

Satyr. From this glafs I throw a drop
of Chrifal water on the top
of every grafs, on flowers a pair :
fend a fume, and keep the air
pure and whofom, fweet and bleft,
till this Virgins wound be drest.

Clor. *Satyr*, help to bring her in.

Satyr. By *Pan*, I think ſhe hath no fin,
ſhe is fo light : lie on theſe leaves.
Sleep, that mortal ſenſe deceives,
crown thine eies, and eaſe thy pain,
maieſt thou ſoon be well again.

Clor. *Satyr*, bring the ſhepherd near,
try him if his mind be clear.

Satyr. Shepherd, come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Satyr. The better trial to enquire.

Clor. In this flame his finger thruſt,
which will burn him if he luſt ;
but if not, away will turn,
as loath unſpotted fleſh to burn.
See it gives back, let him go.
Farewel mortal, keep thee ſo.

Satyr. Stay, fair Nymph, ſlie not ſo faſt,
we muſt try if you be chaſt :
here's a hand that quakes for fear,
ſure ſhe will not prove ſo clear.

Clor. Hold her finger to the flame,
that will yield her praiſe or ſhame.

Satyr. To her doom ſhe dares not ſtand,
but plucks away her tender hand,
and the Taper darting ſends
his hot beams at her fingers ends.
O thou art foul within, and haſt
a mind, if nothing elſe, unchaſt.

Alex. Is not that *Clor* ? 'tis my Love, 'tis ſhe :
Clor, fair *Clor*.

Clor. My *Alexis*.

Alex. He.

Clor. Let me embrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
left her ſight diſturb his ſenſe.

Alex. Take

The faithfull Shepherdes.

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.

Clor. See his wound again is burst :
keep her near, here in the wood,
till I have stop't these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
if I can but still his mind :
this curtain thus I do display,
to keep the piercing air away.

Enter Old Shepherd, and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever ; 'tis in vain
to find them out with trouble and much pain,
that have a ripe desire, and forward will
to flie the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now, shall we retire,
or constant follow still that first desire
we had to find them ?

Old. Stay a little while ;
for, if the Mornings mist do not beguile
my sight with shadows, sure I see a swain :
one of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,
thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
and following what desire and present blood
shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
having forgot what tongue hereafter may
tell to the world thy falling off, and say
thou art regardless both of good and shame,
spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name ;
and like a glorious desperate man that buies
a poyson of much price, by which he dies,
dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
is soul disease, with present age and pain,
and then a Grave ? These be the fruits that grow
in such hot veins that only beat to know
where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night,

what the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
 of any looseness ; musick, joy, and ease
 have been to me as bitter drugs to please
 a stomach lost with weakness, not a game
 that I am skill'd at throughly : nor a Dame,
 went her tongue smoother then the feet of Time,
 her beauty ever living like the Rime
 our blessed *Tytirus* did sing of yore ;
 no, were she more enticing then the store
 of fruitful Summer, when the laden tree
 bids the faint Traveller be bold and free ;
 'twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
 whose Lightning may inclose, but never stay
 upon his charmed branches ; such am I
 against the catching flames of womans eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred ?

The. 'Twas a Vow

that drew me out last night, which I have now
 strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
 fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to hear ye, Shepherd, if the heart
 in this well sounding Musick bear his part.
 Where have you left the rest ?

The. I have not seen,

since yesternight we met upon this Green
 to fold our flocks up, any of that train ;
 yet have I walkt those woods round, and have lain
 all this same night under an aged tree,
 yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
 or Shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
 the sound of living thing, unless it were
 the Nightingale among the thick leav'd spring,
 that sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
 whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
 or our great Enemy that still doth howl
 against the Moons cold beams.

Priest. Go beware
 of after falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care.

Exit The not,

Entry

Enter Daphnē.

Old. Here comes another stragler, sure I see
a shame in this young shepherd. *Daphnē* I
Daph. He.

Prie. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
long before this, grazing upon the Green
their yet imprison'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
give me a little breathing, till I can
be able to unfold what I have seen;
such horror, that the like hath never been
known to the ear of shepherd: Oh my heart
labours a double motion to impart
so heavy tidings! You all know the Bower
where the chaste *Clorin* lives, by whose great power
sick men and cattel have been often cur'd;
there lovely *Amoret*, that was assur'd
to lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
forc'd by some Iron hand and fatal knife;
and by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
ever a Neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
receive my body, close me up from lust
that follows at my heels; be ever just,
thou god of shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
that loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
in cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:
let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast
sings through my slender leaves that I am chaste.

Priest. This is a night of wonder; *Amarill*,
be comforted, the holy gods are still
revengers of these wrongs.

Amaril. Thou blessed man,
honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
hear me, and save from endless infamy
my yet unblasted flower, *Virginity*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

by

by thy chaste office, and the marriage bed
that still is blest by thee, by all the rights
due to our God, and by those virgin-lights
that burn before his Altar, let me not
fall from my former state, to gain the blot
that never shall be purged; I am not now
that wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow
to heaven, and thee, grave Father, if I may
scape this unhappy night, to know the day,
to live a virgin, never to endure
the tongues, or company of men impure.
I hear him come, save me.

Priest. Retire a while
behind this bush, till we have known that vile
abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
most loved *Amarillis*, let the chafe
grow calm and milder, flie me not so fast;
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
thy golden Buskins; turn again and see
thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin, I can please
at first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
and give thee many kisses, soft and warm
as those the Sun prints on the smiling cheek
of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am sleek
and smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Eolus*
looks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
can shew my active youth; why dost thou flie?
remember, *Amarillis*, it was I
that kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
an everlasting hate 'twixt *Amores*
and her beloved *Perigot*; 'twas I
that drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
till time shall leave to be; then turn again,
turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
that hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say:
I must not be deluded.

Priest.

Priest. Monster, stay,
thou that art like a Canker to the state
thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
through every honest bosom, forcing still
the veins of any that may serve thy will;
thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
to seize upon this virgin that doth stand
yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holiness declare,
what had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her? tell me by your Art,
what coming wonders would that sight impart?

Priest. Lust, and a branded soul.

Sull. Yet tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
and great increase, said it is good and just,
and wills that every living creature must
beget his like?

Priest. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this beast along,
where he may suffer Penance for his wrong.

Exeunt.

Enter Perigot with his hand bloody.

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dew,
which she on every little grass doth strew
in silver drops against the Sun appear:
'tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
if thy chaste spirit in the Air yet move,
look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
all full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
and though I struck thee undeservedly,
let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
make less a fault which I intended not,
and let these dew-drops wash away my spot.
It will not cleanse, O to what sacred blood
shall I resort to wash away this blood?
Amidst these Trees the holy *Cleric* dwells,
in a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heals

all.

all wounds; to her I will my self address,
and my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means by Art or Prayer,
to make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair;
that done, not far hence underneath some tree,
He have a little Cabbin built, since she
whom I ador'd is dead; there will I give
my self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live. *Exit.*

*The Curtain is drawn, Clorin appears sitting in the Cabin,
Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe
on the other, the Satyre standing by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid,
take example by this Maid,
who is heal'd ere you be pure,
so hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
on each other lustfully:
and Shepherds, take heed lest your blood
move his willing eye thereto;
let nowring, nor pinch, nor smile
of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your love yet true and chaste,
and for ever so to last?

Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
all looser thoughts, ill tempred fires;
True love I find a pleasant fume,
whose moderate heat can ne'r consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
whose chaste flame is not quench't to be.

Clor. Joyn your hands with modest touch,
and for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off He stand,
and call her forth: for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
to a poor Swain.

Clor. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin.

Clarin is ready to do good to all:
come near.

Peri. I dare not.

Clar. *Satyre*, see

who it is that calls on me,

Saty. There at hand some Swain doth stand,
stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come, *Clarin*, bring thy holy waters clear,
to wash my hand.

Clar. What wonders have been here
to night! stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
wash and rub it whilst I rain
holy water.

Peri. Still you pour,
but my hand will never scowr.

Clar. *Satyre*, bring him to the Bower,
we will try the sovereign power
of other waters.

Saty. Mortal, sure,
'tis the blood of Maiden pure
that stains thee so.

*The Satyre leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth Amoret,
and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*

Peri. What'ere thou be,
be't thou her Spright, or some Divinity,
that in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
pardon poor *Perigot*.

Amor. I am thy Love,
thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy Love:
strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove
as constant still. O couldst thou love me yet,
how soon should I my former griefs forget!

Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live;
more welcome now then hadst thou never gone
astray from me.

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone

and not I, death, or some lingering pain
that's worse, light on me.

Clor. Now your stain
this perhaps will cleanse again;
see the blood that earth did stay,
with the water drops away.
All the Powers again are pleas'd,
and with this new knot are pleas'd.
Joyn your hands, and rise together,
Par be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest. and Old Shepherd.

Clorin. Go back again, what ere thou art, unless
smooth Maiden thoughts possesse thee, don't press
this hallowed ground. *Go, Sayre, take his hand,*
and give him present trial.

Sayr. Mortal, stand,
till by fire I have made known
whether thou be such a one
that maist freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up; never was
more untainted flesh than this.
Fairer, he is full of bliss.

Clor. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face,
where all good dwells that is: Next, for to try
the truth of late report was given to me:
those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
through much neglect, and more ill governance,
whether the wounds they have may yet endure
the open air, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
upon those guilty wretches, through whose sight
all this confusion fell: For to this place,
thou holy Maiden, have I brought the race
of these offenders, who have freely told,
both why, and by what means they gave this bold
attempt upon their lives.

Clorin. Fume all the ground,
and sprinkle holy water, for unsound

The faithfull Shepherdes.

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and foul infection gins to fill the Air :
it gath'rs yet more strongly ; take a pair
of Censers fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrhe,
together with cold Camphyre : quickly fir
thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place begins
to sweat and labour with the abhorred fumes
of those offenders ; let them not come nigh,
for full of itching flame and leprosie
their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
and shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
and so unheard-of venom : hie thee fast,
thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
these manlike monsters, let them never more
be known upon these downs, but long before
the next Suns rising, put them from the sight
and memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the forces
of these weak patients break into new gores.

Exit Priest.

Per. My dear, dear *Amores*, how happy are
those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
for time, or steel, or envy to do wrong ?
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas poor heart,
how much I was abus'd ; give me the smart,
for it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe.

It is enough, dear friend, leave off to grieve,
and let us once more in despite of ill
give hands and hearts again.

Per. With better will
then e're I went to find in hottest day
cool Christal of the fountain, to allay
my eager thirst : may this band never break.
Hear us, O heaven.

Amo. Be constant.

Per. Else *Pan* wreak
with double vengeance my disloyalty ;
let me not dare to know the company
of men, or any more behold those eyes.
Amo. Thus Shepherd, with a kiss all envy dies.

Enter Priest.

Prie. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will, the swain
in whom such heat and black rebellions reign,
hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose face
shews much amendment, many a tear doth fall
in sorrow of her fault; great Fair, recal
your heavy doom, in hope of better daies,
which I dare promise; once again up-raise
her heavy Spirit, that near drown'd lies
in self-consuming care that never dies.

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
the Air grows cool again, and doth begin
to purge it self; how bright the day doth shew,
after this stormy cloud? go, *Satyr*, go,
and with this taper boldly try her hand,
if she be pure and good, and firmly stand
to be so still, we have perform'd a work
worthy the gods themselves.

Satyr brings Amarillis in.

Satyr. Come forward, Maiden, do not lurk,
nor hide your face with grief and shame,
now or never get a name
that may raise thee, and recure
all thy life that was impure:
hold your hand unto the flame;
if thou be'st a perfect dame,
or hast truly vow'd to mend,
this pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy waies, let never spot
henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the gods, and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess, now ye are brought again
to virgin state, be so, and so remain
to thy last day, unless the faithful love
of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
then labour to be true to him, and live
as such a one, that ever strives to give
a blessed memory to after Time.

Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again
these patients full of health, and free from pain :
keep them from after ills, be ever near
unto their actions, teach them how to clear
the tedious way they pass through, from suspect ;
keep them from wronging others, or neglect
of duty in themselves ; correct the blood
with thrifty bits and labour ; let the floud,
or the next labouring spring give remedy
to greedy thirst, and travel not the tree
that hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,
unless in sacrifice, or rights divine,
be ever known of Shepherds ; have a care
thou man of holy life. Now do not spare
their faults through much remisseness, nor forget
to cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy Clowns
that feed their heifers in the budded Brooms :
teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
may ever fear to tempt their blowing youth ;
banish all complements, but single truth
from every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,
let them still use perswading, but no Art :
thus, holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these
all the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
we pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Pri. Kneel every Shepherd, whilst with powerful hand
I bless your after labours, and the Land
you feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
from misfortune, and amend you,
keep you from those dangers still
that are followed by your will ;
give ye means to know at length
all your riches, all your strength,
cannot keep your foot from falling
to lewd lust, that still is calling
at your Cottage, till his power :

• bring.

The faithfull Shepherdes.

bring again that golden hour
of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
all diseases, sores or pain,
that in after time may reign,
either in your flocks or you;
give ye all affections new,
new desires, and tempers new,
that ye may be ever true.
Now rise and go, and as ye pass away,
sing to the god of sheep, that happy lay,
that honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
that was the soul and god of melody.

The Song.

they all sing.

*All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye vertues, and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or Brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.*

*He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd: Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us sing
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young;
Thus great Pan is ever sung.*

Exeunt.

Saty. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
thou most powerful Maid, and whitest,
thou most vertuous, and most blessed,
eyes of stars, and golden tressed

like

like *Apollo*, tell me, sweetest,
what new service now is meetest
for the *Satyrs*? shall I stray
in the middle air, and stay
the sailing wrack, or nimbly take
hold by the Moon, and gently make
fute to the pale Queen of night
for a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
and bring thee Coral, making way
through the rising waves that fall
in snowie fleeces? dearest, shall
I catch the wanton Fawns, or flies,
whose woven wings the Summer dyes
of many colours? get thee fruit?
or steal from heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
to do her service all these woods adore.

Clor. No other service, *Satyrs*, but thy watch
about these thickets, lest harmles people catch
mischief or sad mischance.

Satyr. Holy Virgin, I will dance
round about these woods as quick
as the breaking light, and prick
down the lawns, and down the vales,
faster then the Windmill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
all the comforts of the day,
such as *Phaebus* heat doth send
on the earth, may still befriend
thee, and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
all thy Masters love be free.

Exeunt.

FINIS.